

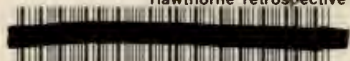
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**HAWTHORNE
RETROSPECTIVE
THE CHRYSLER ART MUSEUM
OF PROVINCETOWN**

June 16 through September 17, 1961

Acknowledgements

With the presentation of this exhibition and this catalogue, the pleasure of working with a vast corps of people dedicated for a time to a single signal purpose comes to a point of realization.

Were it not for the importance of Charles Webster Hawthorne in the art of America, the cooperation of so many would not have been forthcoming. The assistance of his able and dear friends of the past has brought warmth and personality to an austere occasion. Elizabeth McCausland, Margaret Wilson, and Margery Ryerson have joined with Charles Hawthorne's family to enhance our knowledge and to preserve facts for the future. Mrs. Hawthorne's notes are reflected throughout, and Joseph Hawthorne has made this exhibition possible. His wife, Hazel, and cousins, Carol Thompson and Hope Maiorano, have never failed to be of help.

The Town of Provincetown, its Board of Selectmen and its Arts Commission are responsible for the presence of *The Crew of the Philomena Manta* and *Cleaning Fish* and the Provincetown Art Association has generously loaned *The First Voyage* and *The Fishwife* to the exhibition.

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Through the courtesy of Hans Hofmann, we have been able to reprint 'Hawthorne—The Painter.'

It is not possible to thank a son, especially one of great individual talent of his own, for the words about his father, but without 'Jo' Hawthorne's foreword, this catalogue would be less by far.

Of great significance is the fact that 51 paintings from 39 museums and institutions are represented in the exhibition. It is not possible to show adequate respect for their generosity nor to properly thank them for their many courtesies in response to innumerable inquiries and demands for assistance. Special appreciation is due: Albright Art Gallery; Amherst College; Atlanta Art Association; Carnegie Institute; Cedar Rapids Art Association; Charles and Emma Frye Art Museum; Dallas Museum of Fine Arts; Fort Worth Art Association; Krannert Art Museum, University of Illinois; Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design; Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; National Academy of Design; New Britain Museum of American Art; Peabody Institute of the City of Baltimore; Philbrook Art Center; School of Fine Arts and Iowa Memorial Union; Smithsonian Institution; The Art Institute of Chicago; The Brooklyn Museum; The Butler Institute of American Art; The Cincinnati Art Museum; The Corcoran Gallery of Art; The Dayton Art Institute; The Detroit Institute of Arts; The Engineers' Club, New York City; The Hackley Art Gallery; The John Herron Art Institute; The Metropolitan Museum of Art; The Montclair Art Museum; The Museum of Fine Arts of Houston; The National Arts Club; The National Institute of Arts and Letters; Toledo Museum of Art; Union League Club of Chicago; Wichita Art Association; Worcester Art Museum.

The collectors, whose response has been unanimous, have been more than generous. They have allowed themselves to be uncommonly inconvenienced by uncommon events, and they are deprived of the company of favorite objects for too long a time. To the following group, the Museum is deeply grateful: Mr. and Mrs. Walter K. Bachrach, Washington, D.C.; Mr. H. M. Benstead, Racine, Wisconsin; Mrs. Amon Carter, Fort Worth, Texas; Collection of Daniel and Rita Fraad, Jr., Scarsdale, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Hurst, Jr., Provincetown, Mass.; Mrs. H. C. Meacham, Fort Worth, Texas; Mrs. Alva Morrison, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Quantrell, New York City; Mrs. Francis A. Scott, Huntington, West Virginia; Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Sonnenberg, New York City; Mr. Victor D. Spark, New York City; Mr. Gerard Wayne Stegner, Wilmington, Delaware and Provincetown, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Donald Thompson, New York City; Mr. Alexander Tschernjawski, Boston, Mass.; Ione and Hudson Walker, New York City; Dr. and Mrs. Philip Walker, Brookline, Mass.; Miss Margaret Wilson, Vine-land, New Jersey.

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The Archives of American Art gave of their time and invaluable files, and Miss Leslie there has provided much information.

Mr. Frank Mancuso, Mr. William Mayclothling, Mrs. Maryon Nelligan and Mr. William Mahon, associated in various capacities with the Museum, have been of inestimable help throughout. The staff of the Museum has worked diligently and for long hours to prepare the galleries, and to make possible the receiving and the hanging of a large exhibition with efficiency. Miss Emily Nathan deserves mention as the public relations consultant for the Museum, and without the capable assistance of Chermayeff & Geismar Associates, designers, the catalogue could not have come into existence.

For the Introduction, its careful and masterly evaluation of Hawthorne's place in American Art, we wish to thank Edgar P. Richardson, Director of The Detroit Institute of Arts.

*Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., President
Provincetown, April, 1961*

Foreword

It is now thirty years since my father walked the streets of Provincetown; his period seems much more remote than it is in actual time, due largely to the hermetically sealing curtain of the depression years of the nineteen-thirties. In any case, so many Provincetown generations have passed that it seems advisable on this occasion for me to try to tell something of Charles Hawthorne's way of life.

No one could have been more delighted than I to find that the Chrysler Art Museum was undertaking this huge retrospective show, but I had some trepidations about my being able to write what was required. I must admit in advance to obvious bias, and to an incompleteness in the report caused by the fact that I graduated from college just a couple of months before my father's final hospitalization in 1930; I was still very much in the process of growing up, and I feel that I hardly had a chance to know him as an adult.

Charles Webster Hawthorne was the son of a sea captain, and grew up—without luxuries—in the seaport town of Richmond, Maine. While going to school, he worked at a number of jobs, ranging from a position in a store to cutting ice on the river. He also played cornet in the town band, an early instance of his great love of music; later on he was an inveterate concert-goer and took up the 'cello, being a most enthusiastic chamber-music player.

He came to New York in 1890 with an ambition to become a painter; working days at various jobs—on the docks, in a stained glass factory—he studied at night in the Art Students League. George de Forest Brush and Frank Vincent Dumond were his early teachers.

He started to study with William Merritt Chase at his Shinnecock school in the summer of 1896 and there met Miss Ethel Marion Campbell, the future Mrs. Hawthorne. In 1897 he became Chase's assistant; my mother was also on the letter-head as corresponding secretary.

There at Shinnecock he lived in a shack on the beach where fishermen stored their gear, and this close contact with the sea was continued when he spent the next summer in Holland. There can be little doubt that he felt a strong pull towards the sea—like him, I was brought up on the water, and I can testify to the strength of the attraction. When he started the Cape Cod School of Art in Provincetown in 1899, the choice of Provincetown was undoubtedly in part a response to this fascination with the sea, but there were, I believe, other things which led him to it. The town was then an unspoiled fishing village, with the Portuguese fishermen adding an old-world flavor to its nautical character—the Yankee inhabitants themselves were in large part deep-water men, for the town was not many years past being one of the world's leading whaling centers. Picturesque, Provincetown has always been—in one fashion or another—but after reading, just lately, a blistering paragraph in one of my father's 1898 letters from Holland on the subject of tourists who are bowled over by the picturesque, my original belief is strengthened—that it was the *people* who interested him most, the strong characters with which the town abounded, both native New Englanders and adopted Portuguese.

His was a warm personality, and all of his life he was fascinated with people; one has only to look at the number of character studies in the present exhibition to realize this. His reading reflected this too, for it was biography that interested him most.

The town had many other things to delight a painter: spectacular contrasts of sand, sea, and sky, a clarity of atmosphere and a unique quality of light, akin—I am told by other painters—to that of Italy (where my mother and father went in 1906).

By late 1907 the Hawthornes were back in Provincetown—the permanent summer anchor to the yearly schedule—but spent part of the winter of 1910–11 in Bermuda, the next three winters in Paris, and, after the outbreak of World War I, again wintered in Bermuda. It was not until 1919 that the family started dividing the year between New York and Provincetown, remodeling a post-Revolutionary house on West Fourth street in the Village to provide more space and to make studios for both my mother and my father on the two top floors. This house, like the one in Provincetown, reflected my father's insistence on the best of materials, and the expansiveness of his ideas.

In all senses of the word, he was a big person; with nearly a wrestler's neck-size and a big barrel chest, in his mid-fifties he was the champion of the entire Beachcombers Club at an impromptu chin-up contest, with ten pulls to the bar. At one of the costume balls he was an impressive figure as an imperial Caesar complete with gold-leafed papier-mâché breastplate. These were physical reflections of the scope of his ideas and his standards.

Because of his position in town, he was a leader in the founding of the Provincetown Art Association, the Beachcombers and other Provincetown enterprises, but when he served on juries for national exhibitions he often found himself acting as chairman, a tribute not only to his leadership but also to his fairmindedness.

He enjoyed life and lived it with vitality, and his appetite for good food was enormous; I remember hearing as a child of an epic meal on the Navy submarine tender in the harbor, which turned into an eating contest between him and Wilbur Daniel Steele. Then there was the occasion of the mock ceremony welcoming the French sculptor Paul Bartlett who was arriving on the old 'Dorothy Bradford.' With a welcoming committee of other Beachcombers, my father played the role of a provincial French mayor, complete with the red sash and a speech in bad, although colloquial French. The ceremony ended with old Cy Young driving the party off in an ancient barouche, leaving a considerably puzzled boat-crowd on the dock. Other such incidents were the Beachcomber shows written by Ted Robinson and Harvey Gaul, in which he sang such classics as '*K-K-K-Katy*' con amore.

These vignettes are comic, but the same appetite and zest were many times multiplied when it came to his own work. He continually told his students that hard work was one of the most important ingredients in the making of a painter, and he certainly practiced what he preached, driving himself as relentlessly as he did the succession of fallible cars the Hawthorne family owned.

Perhaps the daily schedule in Provincetown will illustrate this better. He was

at work in his studio each weekday morning at eight, having started the day with a cold tub, breakfast, and a drive with my mother—perhaps to Race Point or to Herring Cove. He was home at noon, with lunch punctually at twelve-thirty; after the trip downtown for the mail, he went back to the studio for another three-hour stint. After this there was usually an hour of tennis on the court by the lower reaches of Miller Hill; then dinner, and in the Hawthorne household everyone dressed for dinner. Friday and Saturday mornings were reserved for his work with the class, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons for a golf game. Most evenings, the family read; up until the last few years of my father's life, the reading was done to the warm light of kerosene lamps, since the house was so remote from electric poles.

The house itself deserves some comment in telling of the way the family lived; a large frame building, it was built very early in the century, on the highest point of Miller Hill, then but a high sand hill with a few scrub pines, beachplum, blueberry and shad bushes on it. The two largest rooms were used as the class studio and my father's own studio. As the class grew, the big barn-like class studio on the north end of the hill was built; it was here, incidentally, that the first of the annual costume balls was held. My father's work place was removed to Days studio No. 10, and later to the building at the end of Pearl Street. The big room upstairs was paneled, its dimensions changed to conform to a scaled-down version of an historic English manor hall—as it turned out, the acoustics were ideal for music. The other studio was also paneled, with eighteen-inch-wide cypress boards, and became the dining room; the outside porches were enclosed.

The grounds underwent an even greater transformation through the years, and emerged finally—in their heyday in the late nineteen-twenties—as a series of terraced beds intertwined with paths, the background of the interlaced trees and bushes giving the whole a natural quality; the original sand had been transmuted into fertile soil, and the whole hill bloomed. These enchanting spots, and the vegetable gardens that added so much to the Hawthorne table, were accomplished by my mother (and her green thumb) with the help of the devoted John Caton (model for the *Portrait of a Portuguese Gentleman*)—and uncounted loads of manure, or 'dressing,' in local parlance.

For those who did not know the place then it is difficult to recreate the charm and dignity of this spacious house and grounds, with the unparalleled view, and the ease of spirit that the place generated. It was the scene of many gatherings; at least twice a summer as a reception for the class, sometimes for musical events, but also for many other occasions, for my father loved people. It was largely due to his influence, for instance, that Max Bohm, John Noble and Richard Miller came to Provincetown. He was a warm and enthusiastic companion because of his ability to enjoy life, and his acquaintance covered a tremendous range of diverse personalities.

Large picnics on the back shore were an institution, with a whole leg of lamb broiled over a fire by my uncle Harry Campbell, and, as vacuum jugs came in, occasional treats like creamed tiny new potatoes, or fresh peas, then a gastronomic treat.

The garden did not consume all of my mother's time; she was a talented painter in her own right, and my memory is that she used her studio practically every day; in her later years she painted chiefly flowers. My father had great respect for her painter's eye, and regularly invited her over to the studio to get her reaction to the progress of the latest canvas.

Perhaps something should be said about the actual conduct of the classes in Provincetown. The students were forced to concentrate on (to quote my father): 'the mechanics of putting one spot of color next to another—the fundamental thing.' The problems were presented in an inescapably direct way. For example, a model would be posed on the beach, and the students would work with putty knives so that they could not be tempted to indicate the details of the model's face that they could not actually see under the hat in the blazing sunlight. (In this connection, I just recently found some of my father's letters written to my mother in 1898 from Holland; it was interesting to read that he had just then put himself on a stern palette-knife regime, feeling that he had been over-influenced that summer by the fluent brush-work of Hals.)

Again, as a means of making the student concentrate on the fundamental relationships of the main spots of color, they were urged not to finish, but to do as many studies as possible—a dozen or more—for the Saturday morning criticism, the high point of the week. In these four-hour marathons, my father used to pass judgment on as many as eight hundred or more students, and cause amazement and consternation in the ranks when he would spot an occasional study that was turned on the wrong side, so that it showed one of the *previous* week's efforts.

On Friday mornings my father would paint for the class; sometimes it would be a model on the beach, sometimes a portrait or a still life. These examples, greatly prized, were drawn for at the end of the summer. It is hoped to have several of these examples included in one part of the show.

My father's fascination and joy in painting—and his industry—were such that one could hardly say that his teaching interfered with it, yet he did so much teaching that he must have felt *impelled* to do it. At one point he was teaching at both the Academy and the Art Students League in the winter as well as making occasional one-week stands at such schools as the Art Institute of Chicago, John Herron in Indianapolis, with others in Pittsburgh and Iowa.

He was most kind and generous to students, even though he was not sparing of his criticism, especially when he thought the student had talent. He gave a large number of scholarships every summer, and these talented students acted as monitors for the various classes; the most favored of these took care of my father's own studio, washing the brushes and cleaning the palette at night.

The subject of brushes reminds me of an idiosyncrasy of his; many painters in Provincetown, when a brush had lost most of its bristles, would present it with due ceremony to my father, who was always on the lookout for ones he could trim down to a single bristle—with these he used to put in the high light on an eye.

Another thing which used to fascinate me on those occasions when I posed

for my father was his habit of starting a canvas by putting an eye down on the canvas without any sketching in of the picture either in whole or in part. At the end of the first morning's work, there would be a completely finished eye looking out of the canvas, with some surrounding territory such as eyebrow and bridge of nose, etc.; sometimes the other eye would also be well along. This was always an amazing transformation, for the canvas would be alive from the very first day.

In connection with this I remember that there were a number of painters in Provincetown who were converts to the Dynamic Symmetry theory. However, my father had not paid much attention to it, or to the controversy about it then going on. Therefore, it was with some private amusement that he learned that one of them had analyzed one of his big canvases and found that it fulfilled all the design requirements as set down in the theory.

In preparing these introductory paragraphs, the growth of Provincetown as an art center comes naturally to mind. Probably Charles Hawthorne, more than any other one person, was responsible for this because of the success and popularity of the school. Originally attracted to its classes, many of the students have kept their close connection with the town even after becoming established painters in their own right.

However, the development has gone on apace; the building of the Hawthorne Memorial Gallery as part of the Art Association, the great number of new galleries in town, the recent enlargement of the Art Association, and the multiple activities of the Chrysler Art Museum since its opening several years ago, are witness to the vitality of the art spirit in Provincetown and of those who are now drawn to it, as my father was so many years ago.

Joseph Hawthorne
Toledo, Ohio, April, 1961

Appreciation

Although the great art revolution in France was well under way fifty years ago—the spread of its rediscovered pictorial tradition was largely confined to Paris. Elsewhere, the visual arts were in a state of steady decline since the inventions of the Baroque. Had not this vacuum from time to time been filled by the comet-like appearance of several extraordinary painters, the period would have passed without leaving any vital pictorial documentation of it. These artists were great on the basis of the human quality which they had to offer and which is reflected in their work. They were true painters in spite of their lack of tradition by virtue of their sensing the miraculous qualities of the medium through which they communicated. They painted the world in which they lived and this world nourished their soul and developed their sensibility. Their time did not understand—it did not even consider—the cultural and ethical mission demanded of the arts; if not for the creative urge inborn in Man to glorify the human spirit, it would have been without any ethical or cultural justification.

France alone held to a steady and purely painterly tradition—Géricault, Delacroix, Corot, Courbet—then Manet—and from there, in a straight line to our day. Outside of France, it was spasmodic. Best in Germany—the romantic Spitzweg—Leibl, Hans van Marées and Corinth—followed later by Ensor in Belgium, Munch in Norway and Mancini in Italy: all isolated figures. That America produced Whistler, Ryder, and more recently, Maurer and Arthur Carles is especially worthy of notice. It is with these that Hawthorne belongs. The concept of his art rooted deeply in American life—it is among these painters that his best work takes its place.

It has been said—adversely—that his technique and means of expression were borrowed from the old masters. This is shallow criticism. He is not an eclectic; it is rather that in struggle for a universal painting expression, he allied himself strongly with the only tradition that he felt.

His pictures do not have that esthetic charm so much demanded today by anemic hypersensitives. His painting is the antithesis of the prevailing misconception that admires taste and design. Taste is not a creative faculty. It is more important that Hawthorne's work is robust and provocative, that it gives evidence of an abundant, vigorous mind, of a cataclysmic temperament. As a painter, he cast aside every doctrine—so that he might surpass the limitations of calculation and construction. Art must surpass such limitations.

When, in certain works, the demands of creative dimension overreached capability, it is to details—a fish, a basket, a head in profile—that we must look for realization. But, when successful, his work carries the entire signature of the great artist. Painting rises out of the volcanic center of the artist's temperament. Compared to this, estheticism is only shadow.

When artists again became aware of the reality of spatial and formal relationship—cubism, 'analytical' and 'synthetic,' came into existence. But painting also asks for simultaneous consideration of the inherent quality of the colors as a creative means. It is in the realm of this reality that color must function. The painter of today

is concerned with its re-evaluation as a plastic means. Both form and color have their own intrinsic laws; composition must be dominated by the dictates of both. This—only this—is painting. Mastered in this way, painting will have a mysterious and magic appeal. Mastery means the creation of a richly orchestrated ‘pictorial’ space in which form, fusing with color, turns into a new reality—the created painting. The art of pictorial creation is indeed so complicated—it is so astronomical in its possibilities of relation and combination—that it would require an act of super-human concentration to explain the final realization. Such an awareness is usually absent in the artist. He will never be able to explain the full process which led to his creations. But what Hawthorne as a painter aimed for and gave by intuition has become today a conscious tool of his successors.

I am not surprised to find in the vanguard of today’s movements, painters who still appreciate the privilege of having been his students. Knowing Hawthorne only from his paintings—knowing from them what a great painter he is—I feel that he must have been also an inspiring and challenging teacher. However, personality, character, talent, sensitivity and endurance are inborn. They cannot be given. . . . The master and tutor is no more. Yet he has succeeded in endowing his work with—what I may be permitted to call—the eternal ‘aurore de la vie.’

Hans Hofmann

Introduction

I. Everyone agrees that he was a notable teacher. 'The best teacher I ever knew; better than Chase, who was a very good teacher,' said Edwin Dickinson, speaking for hundreds of his pupils.

Everyone agrees that he was the principal creator of Provincetown as an artists' colony.

But what was he as an artist? There the voices differ. A number of painters and critics have written of him in retrospect.

Royal Cortissoz (1938) saw him as a painter whose one governing purpose was to paint well, and who grew from a clever artist to one of imagination and rare gifts. What those gifts were he did not attempt to define.

Stephen Gillman (1938) saw him as a teacher of power because his teaching was so fundamental and so simple.¹

Elizabeth McCausland (1947) saw him as a painter who waivered between French Impressionism and American naturalism, and who was flawed by painting portraits of the well-to-do and ignoring the cause of the worker.²

Hans Hofmann (1952) saw him as a forerunner of abstract expressionism; but the abstract expressionists look on everything as leading up to abstract expressionism.³

II. He was taciturn about the things that mattered deeply to him. He talked rarely about his ideals for himself as an artist, although he talked freely as a teacher. Yet he speaks for himself in his works. These fall into three classes: (1) the paintings of people, which show him as a conscious stylist participating in the major movement of the early twentieth century but following his own individual path; (2) the studies in white, the landscapes and still lifes, which show in him the attitude of 'continuous study' which he urged on his students as being the life of the artist; (3) the water colors.

He also speaks for himself in the words which his students remembered and which are reprinted in 'Hawthorne on Painting.'

III. The problems of painting at the beginning of our century were the liberation of color and drawing from literal representation so that they might be free to create their own harmonies; and the rediscovery of the plane of the canvas as a basic element of that harmony. Many different solutions of these problems are found in France by Fauves and Cubists; in Italy by Futurists and others; in Germany by the painters of the Bridge and the Blue Rider; in all countries by painters who belonged to no movement but themselves.

Hawthorne took part in this movement to stylize color and drawing, and to flatten the image of the world into planes of color. 'I don't care about the roundness of the head,' he told his students. 'You are painting a flat canvas—it is the relation of one color as it comes against another that you must see correctly. . . . Our tool of trade is our ability to see the big spots [of color].' 'Beauty in art is the delicious notes

1. *Hawthorne on Painting, From Students' Notes Collected by Mrs. Charles W. Hawthorne*. With an appreciation by Royal W. Cortissoz. New York and Chicago, Pittman Publishing Corp., 1938. Second edition *Hawthorne on Painting, From Students' Notes Collected by Mrs. Charles W. Hawthorne*. With an introduction by Edwin Dickinson and an appreciation by Hans Hofmann. New York, Dover Publications Inc., 1960.

2. Elizabeth McCausland. *Charles W. Hawthorne, 1872-1930*. New York, 1947.

3. *Charles W. Hawthorne*. Provincetown Art Association, 1952.

of color one against the other. It is just as fine as music and it is just the same thing, one tone in relation to another tone. Real sentiment in art comes as it does in music from the way one tone comes against another independently of the subject—the way spots of color come together produces painting.’

The way spots of color come together produces painting. This was the key to the advanced movements in painting in the last decade of our century, when Hawthorne began his career. Where he diverged sharply from the path of the Fauves, Cubists, Expressionists and their American pupils and imitators—diverged so sharply that the relationship of aim has been overlooked—was where in the arts of the past he found his inspiration. The *avant garde* painters of Europe went for their inspiration to arts outside the Renaissance tradition, often outside the Western world itself—to Persian miniatures, Near Eastern pottery, Negro sculpture, Medieval stained glass, or the earliest, primitive woodcuts of the end of the Middle Ages. Their work and that of their American pupils, in consequence, strike a sharply exotic note; it is anti-Renaissance and neo-primitive. Hawthorne discovered his way by looking at painters within the Renaissance. There is, in consequence, no sense of a sudden break, no note of the exotic or the neo-primitive in his development. It was a return to a two-dimensional style inspired by sources, distant but familiar, within our own tradition.

Hawthorne entered the world of painting through the Art Students League, studying first under Dumond, Brush and Mowbray. In 1896 he began to study under Chase in the summer school at Shinnecock, on Long Island; in 1897 he acted as Chase’s assistant. From a group of letters written from The Netherlands in the summer of 1898 to his future wife, Miss Ethel Marion Campbell, it is evident that Hawthorne had hoped to continue as Chase’s assistant, or even to succeed him.⁴ He was deeply disappointed when the school was suddenly sold in the spring of 1898 to Douglas John Connoh. His disappointment turned out to be good fortune in disguise, for it led to the foundation of his own Cape Cod School of Art at Provincetown the following summer, 1899.

There are signs in those letters from Holland that he had begun to be dissatisfied with the combination of Impressionist color and Sargent’s brushstroke which formed Chase’s teaching. He speaks of working with a palette knife, which he later taught his students to use in order to achieve breadth. But there is no sudden break in his development in the succeeding decade. Instead there was a steady development, which received its decisive clarification during a stay of two years in Italy (1906–07) made possible by money loaned him by several collectors including John Gellatly.⁵

Hawthorne considered this Italian trip of the greatest importance to him. He and his wife went first to Venice, then moved south through Italy. We have in the Archives of American Art, as the gift of his son, Hawthorne’s catalogue of the museum at Perugia, filled with his excited notes and comments. The ordinary art lover today does not find painters like Bonfigli or even Perugino very exciting. But Hawthorne’s discovery in them of the qualities of silhouette, the simplification of

4. Hawthorne Collection, the Archives of American Art.

5. Gellatly, who loaned \$500, took in repayment the painting of *The Boy with a Jug* (Dayton Art Institute) in this exhibition.

the human figure into broad, flat planes of only slightly modulated color, defined by highly simplified outlines, was for him deeply exciting and beautiful. The difference between his statement of the figure in a painting like *Splitting Fish* of 1903 and the pictures done from 1906 onward show how much this sense of silhouette helped to clarify his ideas of style.

He brought back from Europe post cards of Velasquez with notes upon Velasquez' color. But the great discovery was that of the sixteenth century Venetians, Tintoretto and Titian, for whom he was to express admiration all his life. It is not hard to see what he admired: the deep tonality, the monumentality, the tone of noble calm, the mystery in which they clothed their human beings; the sheer beauty of representation which they achieved. 'Titian painted because he loved to paint,' he said. 'He took as much delight in painting the end of a nose as in painting a saint.' From the time of that Italian visit onward, Hawthorne knew what he wanted to do—to take ordinary people and things out of everyday life in America, and to transpose them into that plane of noble monumentality; he wanted to show the mysterious greatness and poetry of life there is in the most commonplace things when well seen.

He did not find Venetian aristocrats in the sober splendor of sixteenth century costume to paint in twentieth century America. There is no sign that he ever regretted their absence. He found a world consisting of his own household, of Portuguese fishermen and their dark-eyed wives, the people of a little New England village, the proprietress of a Provincetown restaurant, Nellie Barnes; a widow, Mrs. Nickerson, who supported herself and her daughters by teaching the seventh grade in the Provincetown schools and won the affection and admiration of the Hawthorne family. It was a small world but it sufficed. In pictures like *The Trousseau*, *Refining Oil*, *The Captain the Cook and the First Mate*, *The Selectmen of Provincetown*, *Three Women of Provincetown*, *Tom Powe*, he struck his distinctive note.

These pictures are the best expression of his artistic aim. He expressed it also, however, in words to his pupils. 'Anything under the sun is beautiful if you have the vision—it is the seeing of the thing that makes it so. The world is waiting for men with vision—it is not interested in mere pictures.' By vision he meant 'something that makes them believe in the beauty and glory of human existence.' To his students he emphasized always the beauty of the commonplace. 'Make a big thing out of a little subject,' he said.

My purpose is not to decide for the visitor to this exhibition how well he succeeded in his aim. That each one must do for himself as he looks at Hawthorne's paintings. My purpose is to clarify his aim and to show why, and how, starting from a common premise, he diverged from the other 'modern' painters of his generation.

His admiration of the sixteenth century Venetians links him with a vein of feeling in American painting which began with Allston and included Page, Fuller, Arthur B. Davies. In Hawthorne's work it begins with *A Venetian Girl* of 1906 (Worcester Art Museum), which was always one of Hawthorne's favorite paintings. Monumentality and a deep warm rich tonality were part of the effect; and so too (in

all of these painters) was a distinctive tone of reverie, setting them apart from their contemporaries. Another element, found for example in *Refining Oil*, was Hawthorne's belief in beautiful representation. This meant the quality of handling paint that he admired in a nose or a hand, painted by Titian, or in a beggar's cloak by Velasquez. The close and subtle textures of the girl's dress in *The Yellow Rose* are another example.

These elements, so fundamental and so simple, sufficed for Hawthorne. He devoted a lifetime to their development, returning again and again to the same themes. He had no desire for novelty: he had found a problem big enough to demand a lifetime.

IV. His commissioned portraits did not stand high in his own opinion of his work, Edwin Dickinson tells me, emphasizing that he nonetheless gave them his best. He disliked the concessions that a commissioned portrait demands, giving up who shall be painted, when, where, in what costume.

Yet although he did not look for portraits, he did them well and was asked to do them, indeed could not avoid doing them; and his portraits done *con amore*, like *Tom Powe*, the *Selectmen of Provincetown*, *Three Women of Provincetown*, and those of his artist friends, *Max Bohm* and *John Noble*, show a noteworthy ability to grasp the total gesture of the human figure which makes it live.

V. What of the numerous figures in an interior, the studies in white, the nudes, the landscapes? These belong, in my view, to that attitude of 'continuous study' which he considered to be the life of an artist. He was always returning to these studies, as a musician returns to his scales, doing his exercises in luminosity, in putting one spot of color against another. His son, the musician, tells me that after a break in his routine, caused by travel or some other family occasion, his father would often paint a nude to get his hand back in.

The simile of music is related to his sense of style in painting, which he spoke of as 'the beauty of one spot of color coming against another. . . . There are just so many tones in music and just so many colors but it is the beautiful combination that makes a masterpiece.'

He was fascinated by white, or rather by the problems of color and luminosity it offered; his life was filled with studies of figures in white. 'There is nothing in the world so helpful to a young painter as a study of white, if he will but be honest,' he said.

I asked Edwin Dickinson, who knew him better perhaps than any other painter, what was the meaning of this concentration upon white, and why he taught his painting class out of doors, in the full summer sunlight upon the sandy beach of Provincetown? 'It is because,' he said, 'the human eye distinguishes most clearly and easily at the top of the palette, as between lemon yellow and yellow ochre, for example. At the bottom of the palette the eye distinguishes slowly. It is the same in music. In tuning the E string of the violin the least change is quickly seen. The A

string tunes more slowly. Hawthorne also believed that students must be taught to get the most out of sunlight.'

VI. Late in life (about 1927 or 1928) he took up water color. He did not practice it more than a few years. The European water colors were all done in 1929. The artist and his wife and old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Harlow Brooks of New York, went to Europe that summer. Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Hawthorne were inveterate explorers of cathedrals. This bored Hawthorne, who would sit outside and do a water color. His water colors are quick studies, done perhaps in twenty minutes, for relaxation and pleasure.

For this reason there is experience, but no experiment, in his water colors. He admired Sargent's technique in the medium (he spoke of Sargent's control of the edges of wash and of the richness of color in his shadows) and was quite content to work with the vocabulary of style established by Sargent. He did his water colors for fun. They have for me the spirit of easy enjoyment of the moment, the savor of a pleasant day and a pleasant place. Yet they have the ease and control that reveal the disciplined painter.

VII. Charles W. Hawthorne died thirty-one years ago. In the thirty-one years since his death, the atmosphere of American painting has changed so greatly that he seems already to belong to a distant period of time.

We can see, in retrospect, that he shared the interests of his generation and found his own solution to the artistic problems of that generation.

Also that he was—in his own terms—a man of vision, not merely a painter of pictures. His roots, as an artist, were in the great tradition of Western painting. He represented a vein of feeling that shows its importance by the fact that it has persisted in our art for more than a hundred years. His finest works increase in stature as time passes and I believe will have their place in the long history of American painting.

E. P. Richardson

Director, The Detroit Institute of Arts

April 20, 1961

Awards

Obrig prize, Salmagundi Club, 1902; 1st Hallgarten prize, N.A.D., 1904; Evans prize, Salmagundi Club, 1904; Shaw prize, Salmagundi Club, 1904; 2nd prize, Worcester, 1904; 2nd Hallgarten prize, N.A.D., 1906; honorable mention, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, 1908; silver medal, Buenos Aires Exposition, 1910; Clarke prize, N.A.D., 1911; Isidor gold medal, N.A.D., 1914; 1st Altman prize, N.A.D., 1915; Temple gold medal, Penn. Academy of Fine Arts, 1915; Isidor gold medal, N.A.D., 1915; silver medal, Panama Exposition, San Francisco, 1915; Norman Wait Harris prize and medal, Chicago Art Institute, 1917; certificate of award for the best oil painting in the exhibition, Concord Art Association, 1922; Lippincott prize, Penn. Academy, 1923; bronze medal, Philadelphia Exposition, 1923; Norman Wait Harris prize and medal, Chicago Art Institute, 1923; 2nd Wm. A. Clark prize, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, 1923; Carnegie prize, N.A.D., 1924; medal of honor, Concord Art Association, 1925; 3rd prize, International Exhibition, Carnegie Institute, 1925; Proctor prize, N.A.D., 1926; 1st Wm. A. Clark prize, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, 1926; gold medal, Sesquicentennial Exposition, Philadelphia, 1926; Richard S. Greenough Memorial prize, Newport Art Association, Newport, R. I., 1928; Mrs. Julius Rosenwald prize, Grand Central Art Galleries, N. Y., 1929; Boston Art Club Medal, 1930.

List of Paintings

1. Portrait of Mrs. Schnitnikoff, 1930. Oil, 30 × 25, not signed.*
2. The Net Mender, 1910. Oil, 40³/₄ × 40³/₄, signed. H. M. Benstead
3. The Trouseau, 1910. Oil, 40 × 40, signed. The Metropolitan Museum of Art
4. Boy With Red Scarf. Oil, 30 × 25, signed. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Quantrell
5. Boy With Pitcher, 1907. Oil, 19¹/₂ × 17¹/₄, signed. The Dayton Art Institute
6. Fisher Boys, 1910. Oil, 30¹/₄ × 25¹/₄, signed.
Peabody Institute of the City of Baltimore
7. The Children, 1924. Oil, 40 × 40, signed. The Cincinnati Art Museum
8. Boy With Dog, ca. 1905. Oil, 50 × 34, signed.
Collection of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.
9. Selectmen of Provincetown, 1921. Oil, 48¹/₄ × 59³/₄, not signed.
The Art Institute of Chicago
10. The Captain, the Cook and the First Mate, 1925. Oil, 47¹/₂ × 59¹/₂, signed.
Cedar Rapids Art Association
11. Twilight, 1917. Oil, 41 × 41, not signed.*
12. The Yellow Rose, 1923. Oil, 30 × 25, signed.*
13. School Room, 1917. Oil, 48 × 58, signed. Gerard Wayne Stegner
14. Three Women of Provincetown, ca. 1921. Oil, 48¹/₂ × 60, signed.
Amherst College
15. Adoration, 1915. Oil, 60 × 48, not signed. Philbrook Art Center
16. The Child. Oil, 60 × 48, signed. Collection of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.
17. A Spot of Color. Oil, 30 × 25, signed. Victor D. Spark
18. Adoration of the Mother, 1923. Oil, 60 × 48, not signed.
The Butler Institute of American Art
19. Edge of Woods, ca. 1926. Oil, 24 × 20, not signed.*
20. Backyards, Provincetown, 1923. Oil, 16 × 20, not signed.*
21. Girl on the Beach, 1900. Oil, 30¹/₄ × 25, not signed.*
22. Pink Kimono, ca. 1910. Oil, 25 × 30, signed. Alexander N. Tschernjawski
23. Summer Millinery, 1915. Oil, 60 × 48, not signed.
Collection of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.
24. Nude Before Mirror, 1916. Oil, 40 × 40, not signed.*
25. The Open Window, 1925. Oil, 40 × 40, signed.*
26. Portrait of Cora, 1930. Oil, 30 × 25, not signed.*
27. Early Moonrise, 1927. Oil, 40 × 40, not signed.*
28. Girl Shampooing. Oil, 40 × 40, not signed. Collection of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.
29. The Satin Skirt, 1928. Oil, 30 × 25, signed.*
30. Blue Kimona, 1923. Oil, 30 × 25, signed.*
31. American Motherhood, 1922. Oil, 60 × 48, signed.
The Museum of Fine Arts of Houston
32. The Song, ca. 1912. Oil, 40 × 40, signed. The Toledo Museum of Art
33. Shad Fisherman, ca. 1915. Oil, 42 × 45, signed.
The Union League Club of Chicago

* Estate of Charles W. Hawthorne

34. Bertha Davis, 1929. Oil, $40 \times 35\frac{1}{2}$, signed.*
35. Portrait of a Portuguese Gentleman, 1926. Oil, 60×48 , not signed.
Carnegie Institute
36. Nellie, 1919. Oil, 40×40 , not signed. Ione and Hudson Walker
37. Martigues, 1913. Oil, $16 \times 19\frac{3}{4}$, signed.*
38. Freight Train Going Through Truro, ca. 1920. Oil, 16×20 , signed.
Chrysler Art Museum of Provincetown
39. The Mission, 1928. Water Color, $13\frac{3}{8} \times 19\frac{7}{16}$, signed.
In the Brooklyn Museum Collection
40. Mexican Huts on the Ranch, ca. 1928. Water Color, $13\frac{9}{16} \times 19\frac{5}{16}$, signed.
In the Brooklyn Museum Collection
41. Blois, 1929. Water Color, 14×20 , signed.*
42. Rainy Day Sketch, ca. 1929. Water Color, 14×20 , signed.*
43. Provincetown Evening, ca. 1929. Water Color, 10×14 , signed.*
44. Figure Out-of-Doors, Provincetown, ca. 1929. Water Color, 14×20 , signed.*
45. Segovia, 1929. Water Color, 10×14 , signed.*
46. La Granja, 1929. Water Color, 14×20 , signed.*
47. Elijah and the Ravens, ca. 1903. Oil, 84×42 , not signed.
Gerard Wayne Stegner
48. The Florist's Daughter. Oil, 40×30 , signed. Engineers' Club
49. Girl With Canary, ca. 1920. Oil, 30×25 , not signed. Miss Margaret B. Wilson
50. Girl in White, 1910. Oil, 30×25 , not signed.
Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design
51. Portrait of Tom Powe, 1930. Oil, 40×40 , signed.
Collection of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.
52. Dean Thomas Arkle Clark, 1927. Oil, 60×48 , signed. Krannert Art Museum
53. Portrait of Mr. H. C. Meacham, ca. 1927. Oil, $30 \times 24\frac{1}{2}$, not signed.
Mrs. H. C. Meacham
54. Portrait of John Noble, 1930. Oil, $40\frac{1}{2} \times 40\frac{1}{2}$, not signed.
The Wichita Art Association
55. Portrait of Sir William Richmond, 1907. Oil, 40×40 , signed.*
56. Captain's Wife, 1924. Oil, 60×48 , not signed.*
57. Provincetown Fishermen, ca. 1910. Oil, 56×63 , signed.
John Herron Art Institute
58. The Fisher Boy, 1908. Oil, $39\frac{1}{2} \times 38\frac{1}{2}$, signed.
New Britain Museum of American Art
59. The Boat Steerer, 1923. Oil, 65×48 , not signed.
Collection of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.
60. The Family, 1911. Oil, 39×40 , signed. Albright Art Gallery
61. Mother and Children, ca. 1919. Oil, 40×40 , signed.
Fort Worth Art Association
62. The First Voyage, 1915. Oil, 48×60 , signed. Provincetown Art Association
63. Little Josephine, 1898. Oil, 26×22 , signed. Mrs. Francis A. Scott

64. Waiting. Oil, 40 × 40, not signed. Collection of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.
65. Portrait of Jo. Oil, 26³/₈ × 18⁷/₈, signed. Dr. and Mrs. Philip Walker
66. Fisher Boys, 1905. Oil, 30¹/₂ × 25, signed. Smithsonian Institution
67. Two Fishermen, 1909. Oil, 79 × 50, not signed.
Charles and Emma Frye Art Museum
68. Fish and the Man, 1925. Oil, 40¹/₄ × 39³/₄, not signed.
Dallas Museum of Fine Arts
69. The Crew of the Philomena Manta, 1915. Oil, 72 × 89, not signed.
Town of Provincetown
70. Annette, 1929. Oil, 30 × 25, signed.*
71. Clipper Ship Captain, 1921. Oil, 40 × 36, signed.*
72. Self Portrait, 1908. Oil, 30 × 25, signed. National Academy of Design
73. First Mate, 1923. Oil, 48 × 48, not signed. Victor D. Spark
74. Venetian Girl With Fan, 1906. Oil, 50 × 40, signed.
Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Sonnenberg
75. New Hampshire Lake, 1928. Water Color, 14 × 20, signed.*
76. Wells Cathedral, 1929. Water Color, 14 × 20, signed.*
77. The Tree No. 1, ca. 1929. Water Color, 10 × 14, signed.*
78. Chateau Amboise, 1929. Water Color, 14 × 20, signed.*
79. The Fishwife, 1925. Oil, 60 × 48, signed. Provincetown Art Association
80. Cleaning Fish, 1899. Oil, 60 × 48, not signed. Town of Provincetown
81. Refining Oil, ca. 1910. Oil, 40 × 40, signed. The Detroit Institute of Arts
82. The Offering *also* La Gigia, 1906. Oil, 55 × 37¹/₂, signed.
National Academy of Design
83. Venetian Lady, 1908. Oil, 39 × 28, signed. Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Hurst, Jr.
84. Boy With Jug, 1930. Oil, 29³/₄ × 24³/₄, not signed.
School of Fine Arts and Iowa Memorial Union
85. Morning Coffee, 1918. Oil, 30 × 30, signed. Collection of Rita and Daniel Fraad
86. Boy With Gaff, 1905. Oil, 70 × 44, signed. The National Arts Club
87. Little Sylvia, ca. 1912. Oil, 40 × 40, signed. The Art Institute of Chicago
88. April, 1920. Oil, 40 × 40, signed.*
89. Bums Drinking, 1903. Oil, 40 × 30, signed.
Chrysler Art Museum of Provincetown
90. The Little Rose Girl, 1924. Oil, 30 × 25, not signed.*
91. Portrait of Minnie Meacham (Mrs. Amon Carter), ca. 1927. Oil, 30 × 24¹/₂,
signed. Mrs. Amon Carter
92. The Skaters, ca. 1912. Oil, 30 × 25, not signed. Mrs. Alva Morrison
93. Sunny Morning, 1927. Water Color, 14 × 20, signed.*
94. Venetian Girl, 1906. Oil, 26 × 18¹/₄, signed. Worcester Art Museum
95. The Mother, 1916. Oil, 40 × 40, signed. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston
96. Madonna of the Harbor, 1925. Oil, 40 × 40, not signed.
Atlanta Art Association
97. Youth, 1910. Oil, 40 × 40, signed. Hackley Art Gallery

* Estate of Charles W. Hawthorne

98. Provincetown Fisherman, 1918. Oil, $25\frac{1}{2} \times 21\frac{1}{2}$, not signed.
The Montclair Art Museum
99. Little Dora, 1915. Oil, 30×32 , signed. Collection of Rita and Daniel Fraad
100. The Red Gown, 1902. Oil, 20×16 , signed. Mr. and Mrs. Walter K. Bachrach
101. Romanesque Church, Segovia, 1929. Water Color, 14×20 , not signed.*
102. The Cirque Gavarnie, 1929. Water Color, 14×20 , signed.*
103. Fisherman's Daughter, ca. 1910. Oil, 60×48 , signed.
The Corcoran Gallery of Art
104. Tangiers, 1929. Water Color, 14×20 , signed.*
105. Mission, The Coming Rain, 1928. Water Color, 14×20 , signed.*
106. Provincetown Landscape No. 3, ca. 1929. Water Color, 10×14 , signed.*
107. Reflections No. 2, 1928. Water Color, 14×20 , signed.*
108. Sketch Near San Antonia, 1928. Water Color, 14×20 , signed.*
109. Chester Cathedral, 1929. Water Color, 14×20 , signed.*
110. Emerald Wave, 1927. Water Color, 14×20 , signed.*
111. Church on Piazza Taormina, 1906. Oil, $26\frac{1}{2} \times 19\frac{1}{2}$, signed.*
112. The Fountain, 1923. Oil, 24×24 , signed.*
113. The Girl in Green, ca. 1921. Oil, 30×25 , signed.*
114. Spring Mottet Hill, ca. 1923. Oil, 25×30 .*
115. Girlhood, 1919. Oil, 30×25 , signed.*
116. Early Morning Venice, ca. 1906. Oil, $19\frac{1}{2} \times 26$, signed.*
117. First Communion, 1930. Oil, 30×25 , not signed.*
118. Sketch of Venice, ca. 1906. Oil, $18\frac{3}{4} \times 23$, not signed.*
119. Purple Green, 1923. Oil, 42×38 , signed.*
120. Venetian Church, ca. 1906. Oil, $26\frac{1}{4} \times 19\frac{3}{4}$, not signed.*
121. The Fencer, 1928. Oil, 60×48 , signed.*
122. The Fountain, 1910. Oil, 30×25 , not signed.*
123. The Watering Can, ca. 1923. Oil, $30 \times 24\frac{1}{2}$, not signed.*
124. October Landscape, 1923. Oil, 30×25 , signed.*



1. Portrait of Mrs. Schnitnikoff

2. The Net Mender



3. The Trousseau



4. Boy with Red Scarf



5. Boy with Pitcher

7. The Children

6. Fisher Boys

8. Boy with Dog



9. Selectmen of Provincetown



10. The Captain, the Cook and the First Mate

12. The Yellow Rose

11. Twilight



13. School Room



14. Three Women of Provincetown



15. Adoration

17. A Spot of Color

16. The Child



18. Adoration of the Mother



19. Edge of Woods

21. Girl on the Beach

20. Backyards, Provincetown



22. Pink Kimono



23. Summer Millinery



24. Nude before Mirror

26. Portrait of Cora

25. The Open Window



27. Early Moonrise



28. Girl Shampooing

30. Blue Kimono

29. The Satin Skirt



31. American Motherhood





33. Shad Fisherman

35. Portrait of Portuguese Gentleman

34. Bertha Davis



36. Nellie



37. Martigues

38. Freight Train Going through Truro

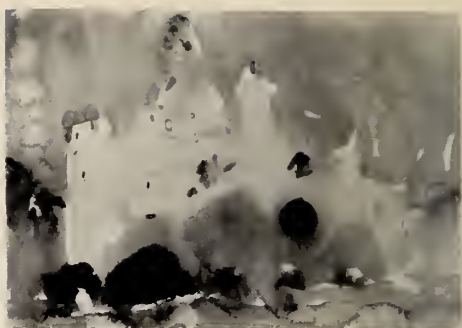


39. The Mission

41. Blois

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43. Provincetown Evening

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54. Portrait of John Noble



55. Portrait of Sir William Richmond



56. Captain's Wife



57. Provincetown Fishermen

58. The Fisher Boy



59. The Boat Steerer



60. The Family

61. Mother and Children



62. The First Voyage



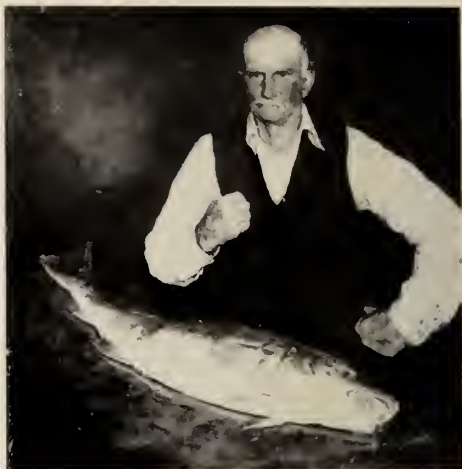
63. Little Josephine



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66. Fisher Boys

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67. Two Fishermen



69. The Crew of the Philomena Manta



70. Annette

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87. Little Sylvia



88. April



89. Bums Drinking



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